

FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

VOL. VI. NO. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 251.

A TALK ON WAETRLOO BRIDGE.

(A Reminiscence)

We talked of "Children of the Open Air,"
Who once in Orient valleys lived aloof,
Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof
Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth fair,
Till, on a day, across the mystic bar
Of moonrise, came the "Children of the Roof,"
Who find no balm 'neath evening's rosiest roof
Nor dews of peace beneath the Morning Star.

We looked o'er London where men wither and choke,
Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies,
And lore of woods and wild wind-prophecies—
Yea, every voice that to their fathers spoke:
And sweet it seemed to die ere bricks and smoke
Leave never a meadow outside Paradise.

—Theodore Watts.

A SENATOR'S SPEECH SCORED.

The Senator from Indiana has made his maiden speech at last and proved his ability to pose as jumping jack before that "august body," the U. S. senate. Like the proverbial cow this bell-wether's approach was heralded in advance with the jingle of his bell. Senator Beveridge was the chosen mouthpiece of that "profound" body of thinkers known as the Republican party. He had been selected to turn the crank and do the chinning act for the machine in its crusade against the much dreaded Filipinos. Unthinkable things are predicted with this young Demosthenes in the lead.

Among the many gifts lavishly showered upon him is a remarkable gift of foresight which enables him to determine in advance the future needs of the Filipinos with far greater accuracy than even the Filipinos themselves. He predicts that the Filipinos could reap nothing but disaster under self government, therefore it would be cruel and senseless for this philanthropic nation to permit them to shift for themselves. He insists that the magnanimity of the United States is not to be rejected by the Filipinos. That, as long as they continue their foolish opposition and reject our kindly prescription of American citizenship, we should continue injecting it into them with the gatling gun.

The Senator did not forget to pay his respects to the anti-expansionists, which he did in the following language:

Senators, I have seen our mangled boys in the hospital and field; I have stood on the firing line and beheld our dead soldiers, their faces turned to the pitiless southern sun; and, more in sorrow than anger, I say to those whose voices in America have cheered those misguided natives on to shoot our soldiers down, that the blood of those dead and wounded boys of ours' is in their hands, and the flood of all the years can never wash that stain away. In sorrow rather than anger I say these words, for I earnestly believe that our brothers knew not what they did.

Holy smoke and chopsticks, if this isn't rich! Here is a man that made half the circuit of the globe that he might stand on the "firing line" and get a crack at the Filipinos and then affects to believe the Filipinos "misguided," because they answer the fire. Nor is this the worst feature. But after this hostile invader has committed the trespass, not finding the anticipated glory awaiting his return, he is somewhat shocked and proceeds to lay the outlandish actions of the Filipinos—assuming to defend himself—at the door of those who stopped at home and tended to their own business.

May angels weep for the Senator's lost glory—I can't. Strange, indeed, that this sensitive, high-strung, vibrating piece of organism attached to the Senator's make-up, does not contract a similar warmth and tenderness in behalf of the fallen dead on the other side; those men who with courage,

born of desperation, fought against the overwhelming odds and superior cunning of a better equipped foe. They were not in battle array with a desire for conquest. Not like the invaders who came with musket and cannon to conquer or kill. They had not been wasting their lives in building engines of death to poach on their neighbor's domain, they had these things yet to learn from their more civilized friends across the sea. But born with a restless spirit of wild independence and love of freedom, they clung to their native isles and resisted with the courage of fierceness every attempt to invade their natural inheritance. Why does the eloquent, warm-hearted Senator pass the heroism of these men by in silence? Did not their dead fall on the same fields? Did not their wounded lie with upturned faces beneath the rays of the same pitiless sun so vividly pictured in his dramatic speech?

I fail to comprehend the nature of a man who affects great brotherly love and sympathy for his fellow beings that he imagines he is doing humanity a service by sticking his nose into their business and compelling them to accept his particular views of right and wrong at the muzzle of a shot gun.

Rights never have and never will be settled by force. To subjugate a people by force of superior numbers is no more a vindication of right than the act of a brute when he overpowers a weak and helpless girl. Any attempt to justify such argument 'neath the maudlin sentiment of "a nation's honor" is the argument of a bully and lacks reason and common sense.

Senator Beveridge says the United States is queen of the seas and the American people have a brilliant future before them,—that the world is at their feet if they but set forth to conquer. But I hardly think the people will care to "set forth" as a nation of killers. Life is too short, Senator.

The Senator is also great on the God question and kept constantly appealing to the invisible personage in his two hour's harangue before the senate. He seemingly thinks that God has made a speciality of the American people in appointing them master organizers of the world to establish systems when chaos reigns.

While the Senator is in such close touch with his divine majesty, it would be a bright idea to have him (God) make a trip to this country and witness the princely extravagance displayed at some of those sumptuous banquets and wine suppers patronized by "our worthy servants" at Washington, D. C. (Devil's Corner), while their benevolent masters (the people) are walking the streets ragged and hungry.

Senator Beveridge says, "We must have the Philippines." He sticks to that like the seven year itch. Said he:

Tell me it will cost money? When did Americans ever measure duty by financial standards? What mighty work for the world, for humanity, even for ourselves, has ever been done with ease? Even our bread we must eat by the sweat of our faces.

Great gods and little fishes, what balderdash is this? A conglomeration of high-sounding satirical phrases mingled with catchy terms to hide the satire. Observe how foxy he is in the selection of words—"the Americans." But who are the Americans referred to? A few politicians who by "virtue" of office—and who affect to represent whom they misrepresent—ARE THE ONES THAT DECIDE WHO "THE AMERICANS" ARE. So it is not hard to guess whom it is that "never measure duty by financial standards." The ones that don't foot the bills.

These "representative" Americans are not stick-

lers on money questions. They vote money out of the public treasury with the same feelings of proprietorship as they would coal out of their own coal bins. They donate money from the "peoples' funds" to support families of defunct politicians, in sums that oftentimes exceed the entire earnings of the ordinary citizen, yet when the citizen dies without leaving means for burial, he is carted off to the potter's field, and his wife to the poorhouse. It is a waste of time and space to dwell on these things so commonly known that it sounds like chestnuts to repeat them. We have learned the measure and known how to understand the language of men who bait their hooks with "the great American citizen" that has even lost its charm with the poor "misguided Filipinos." Tut, tut, Senator, come again.

And so the leaders of the Philippine war propose to shift the responsibility to God's shoulders. We are to understand henceforth, that these men, with the taint of war in their blood and the smell of burnt powder on their breath, are God's chosen people, sent forth to shoot h—, I mean civilization into the world and split chaos into smithereens.

However, the effect of the Senator's speech on the class of people that usually attend these Washington blow-outs is just what might be expected. Patriotic gush and crackerjack toadyism was the order of the day. The audience was not contaminated with the coarse and vulgar and only caught glimpses of the great unwashed from the palace car window as the speaker whirled by in his windy flight. The Senator's rhetoric was untainted with the commonplace drivel of the cosmopolitan, in fact a superior artist of his kind (so says the daily press) and not the man to fritter away his opportunity on common declamation. Yea verily, he spread his wings and soared among the palaces of the gods. In plainer terms, he was an expert word painter that could paint rainbows exceedingly well. An artist not to be sneezed at by the gray-haired senators as he transformed the powder bedecked ears of their wives into prelate boards to hold the pigments of his visionary sea-foam and sky. Bully for painters (that's my trade), hurrah for rainbows! I'll bet a half grown gunny sack full of rotten potatoes that the climax of sensation out-climaxed itself.

The last act of the circus was just simply out of sight. Flags bobbed, handkerchiefs wobbled, men squabbled and women fainted and fell into it, while the Senator hustled for an umbrella to ward off boquets.

Well, there is nothing like fun when it is fun and no harm attached to the after-glory.

This is the senate from the proscenium box, but what is it behind the curtain? Wigs and masks on a few varnished carriages, fencing with diplomatic mummeries and having sham battles with looking-glasses. These freaks are all there is in government, excepting soldiers and policemen: the soldiers and police do the shooting and the freaks do the chinning. These cheap John machine methods of hypnotizing the mob with stem-winding, patriotic speeches are but bids for the presidential chair at the peoples' expense.

A glorious country, oh yea, a grand nation of American sovereigns, with hearts made of gunboats and a warm brotherly love that drapes death-dealing instruments in patriotic colors and wholesale murderers in heroes' uniforms.

Come down off your perch, sovereigns; crawl into some sewer pipe and pull the stench in after you! Ring down the curtain please, my head aches.

Maywood, Ill.

L. S. OLIVER.

FREE SOCIETY.

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Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

In view of the expectation that comrade John Most was to speak on the subject "Does Patriotism Encourage Murder?" the hall of the Free Thought Society was crowded to its utmost capacity, but the audience was sadly disappointed when the chairman announced that the speaker had sent word of his inability to lecture that night. The fact that the meeting had been announced in the daily papers would have given Comrade Most the opportunity to speak before the largest and the most liberal audience he so far has addressed in this city and he ought to have kept his promise, even if he did feel "tired."

Comrade Emma Goldman writes us that she has received many clippings from the daily papers containing reports of interviews in which she is supposed to have considered the American workingman below the ox and her own comrades as rascals and requests us to state that she had neither an interview with any reporter before she departed, nor had she expressed any such opinion regarding the American workingmen and her comrades.

We took no notice of the interview, because comrade Emma Goldman left New York November 3rd, while the fabricated "interviews" were dated November 20.

As to Comrade Holmes' belief that Anarchists would be less prone to abuse power than conservatives, I may refer him to the fact that a slave was usually the best slave driver. But to come nearer home, he is probably aware of the fact that the Socialist who a few years ago became chief of police in Switzerland, was more intolerant toward the workingman than many of his predecessors.

I had not noticed the suggestion of "The Man in the Tower" to organize an International Anarchist League until the matter was brought to my attention by the replies in No. 8 of Free Society. I not only am strongly in favor now of such a move, but I have for years advocated it. Only last spring, when commenting upon the calling of an Anarchist congress which is to meet in Paris next summer, I suggested that part of the work of the congress should be to either resurrect the old International or to organize the radicals of the world in a new movement, similar in purpose to the old International, but adopting more modern methods. I still think that it is the place of the Paris congress to take this matter seriously in hand, and hope something will be done at that meeting to place a movement on foot to unite the real radicals of the world in a homogeneous movement.

On the other hand, I am not in favor of sending to England or any other country for a propagandist to take the field in the United States, as I notice is suggested by A. K. S. of Boston, in the same number of Free Society. We certainly should have at least one capable speaker and organizer in the field, and we ought to pay such a one living wages to devote his whole time to Anarchist propaganda, but surely in this great country we have sufficient material from which to choose a capable missionary, without sending across the ocean for one. We already have an able man making his way by slow degrees from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. I understand that he has fully demonstrated his fitness for the work in Chicago and elsewhere. Why not make it an object for Comrade Morton to continue in the field by an offer of living wages? And there are others. Right here in Denver we have a man, devoted, capable, eager to give his whole time to the cause of human emancipation. Some of his recent addresses and several poems from his pen have already appeared in Free Society. Then we have our women agitators. There is not a person in our movement, here or abroad, more competent to represent the principles of Anarchism on the public

platform than Voltairine de Cleyre. For several years our brave little comrade, Emma Goldman, has kept the standard of our cause well to the front, and has twice traversed the entire width of the continent in the interests of the movement, without pay, and without an organized movement at her back. But I greatly fear—and my fear comes from long observation and experience—that all attempts to put a radical propagandist in the field and keep him there by promise of liberal support will come to naught. As long as we cannot decently support one journal devoted to our principles (which should be our first care) there is small likelihood of our maintaining a lecturer and organizer in the field.

I understand that the comrades of Free Society have on hand a large number of copies of "Moribund Society" and other pamphlets, and that there is something like \$100 still owing on the publication of this work. In order that these books may be placed where they will do the most good, and to relieve the financial pressure on Free Society, I suggest the following: Every subscriber to Free Society should send for half a dozen or a dozen copies of these pamphlets, paying for same at the regular price, then send a copy to some interested friend or known radical labor leader, with a letter suggesting that he purchase the same or hand it to some friend who will purchase the pamphlet, the money to be returned to the sender, who thus receives, in time, the amount which he has already remitted to Free Society for the pamphlets. There are few of us who cannot get rid of some copies of "Moribund Society" or "The Speeches of the Chicago Martyrs" in this way. When writing to the friend to whom a pamphlet is being sent, it might be a good idea to enclose return postage, so that in case the pamphlet is not wanted it can be returned to the sender. Let us try this plan, friends, and see if we cannot do a little quiet missionary work while at the same time materially assisting the comrades of Free Society to throw off the debt burden and perhaps get sufficient funds on hand to publish further issues of Free Society Library.

I supposed it would be understood, when I wrote in my comments upon lawyers that it would be a good thing if we had more Anarchist lawyers in this country, that I meant the advantage which would accrue under our present form of society. As long as it is necessary to have lawyers, judges and justices of the peace, it would be better if many of them were Anarchists. I have no fault to find with the axiom "that a man endowed with power will abuse it," but I think A. I. will agree with me that an Anarchist would be less prone to abuse power vested in him than a conservative; at any rate, there would be less danger of men being imprisoned or hung for being Anarchists.

WM. HOLMES.

"MORIBUND SOCIETY AND ANARCHY."

I am indebted to Comrade Isaak for a copy of J. Grave's work on the above title. I am more than pleased with his essay and find myself more in accord with his sentiments than with those of our comrade V. De Cleyre, who has rendered it into English. I agree with her "as to the principal object of the work, that of furnishing an inclusive criticism of the institutions of our moribund society and the necessity of its speedy dissolution... has been pretty thoroughly done." I am inclined, however, to accept the remedy of the "sturdy, patient, indomitable Jean Grave," rather than the criticism of our fair translator. His idea of organization illustrates my idea exactly—of a natural, congenial community. He says truly: "Individuality cannot develop except in the community; that the latter cannot exist unless the former evolves freely and that they mutually complement each other." He traces Anarchy from Proudhon, "positing itself as the adversary of authority and power, and beginning to take definite shape." And yet "Proudhon in his social organization leaves in existence, under different names, the administrative machinery which is the very essence of government." And the school that takes Proudhon as a teacher, still advocates "social organization," this "administrative machinery," which is useless without the power of government. "Bakunin," he says, "propagated the idea of Proudhon,—Anarchy the enemy of

authority—but developing, enlarging, incarnating in social demands." Yet, "many of the elements of authoritarian conception still survived." And while he says "today not only are Anarchistic aspirations formulated, but men know that it is Anarchy they are spreading, and boldly place the label on it," yet notwithstanding, beneath the label of the average Anarchist lurks "many of the elements of the authoritarian conception, the love of authority, the desire for leaders, the yearning for organized power." Teachers of various schools are still hedging their flocks and the lambs still love their masters.

In discussing "Individualism and Solidarity" he says: "As a matter of fact the Anarchists who demand Communism are the first to recognize that the individual has not been put into the world for society's sake; that on the contrary, the latter has been formed solely for the purpose of furnishing the former greater facilities for evolution... In no wise have they the intention of sacrificing their initiative, their will, their individuality, for the benefit of an entity which did not exist before their union, which will disappear with their dispersion." And this is my argument against organization, the creation of "an entity which did not exist before their union," and in accordance with the law of nature. In organization the struggle for supremacy must develop tyranny. But should not "society be based on unrestricted solidarity?" Yes; but organizing entities defeats true solidarity,—their demands of absolute individual liberty. Grave says: "Many of us will combine with the intention of realizing one of our aspirations. Thus association having nothing forced in it, nothing arbitrary, prompted only by some need of our being, it is quite evident that the more pressing the needs, the more force and activity shall we contribute to the association... Man's needs being infinite, infinite will be his means of satisfying them, and it is this variety of needs which will concur in the establishment of general harmony." Yet Grave calls this organization. Well, what's in a name?

Jean Grave is a true revolutionist, and, while he applauds the resistance of the slave, realizes that brute force simply results in a change of masters. To develop a "beast of the commune" is really no better than the present "brotherhood of thieves," he says. "Something more than famishing people is needed,—individuals, conscious of their individuality, jealous of all their right, determined to conquer them and capable of defending them once they are acquired." The teacher should explain "how in changing masters he does not cease to be exploited, and how, were he to put himself in his master's place, he would in turn become an exploiter, leaving behind him the exploited who would then make against him the same complaints he now makes against those he would like to have dispossessed."

Human nature is about the same all around—power results in tyranny. The only purpose of organization is to grasp power that nature denies the individual. "The idea of free individual initiative once being established, people should be enabled (we cannot repeat it too often) to learn how to reason and to combine their initiative." Let us teach Anarchy in its purity and simplicity—the science of selfhood. Our author dwells upon the importance of "self-education as one of the forms of the social struggle, until the masses develop self-conscious individuality." All organized policy will be fruitless, at least its fruit—like the apples of Sodom—will turn to ashes on their lips.

East Elma, N. Y.

A. L. BALLOU.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE.

A. M. Dewey, United States Labor Commissioner now stationed in San Francisco, said in a speech delivered recently before the Social Democratic party, that "the only protection labor had, was through its own organization."

If that be so (I partly believe it) what is the use of laborers giving patriotic support to political governments with their expensive machinery of administra-

tion, armies, customs, courts, policeman and jails? Shall I pay my enemy and protect him to rob myself? He also said political managers could accurately forecast the results of a political campaign because it was known that there were two and a half millions of "purchasable votes" and that this two and a half million constituted the balance of power between the parties. I believe it, and therefore it seems to me, the real government lies with the few bosses and manipulators who fix things according to their desires by their corruption funds.

I also heard General Shafter addressing the same Socialists say that the South African farmers were successfully standing off the regular trained soldiers of the British army. When I asked him if he did not think that farmers, if they owned their homes in this country, would be a better defense than a regular army of professional man killers, he replied that a perinthesis was a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity. I partly agreed with the distinguished gentleman.

I hear that there is "Anarchy" in Venezuela, and that an "energetic demand" is being made for the French Atlantic squadron to present a few arguments concerning the interesting situation. Coming nearer home, I find in old Kentucky where the people are so lucky several peace loving people lost their lives whilst some "orderly" politician endeavored to prove that Jack got more votes than Jim. Right here in our own beloved San Francisco with its "tar flat" and "barbaric coast" we had a little family quarrel concerning the tax collector's office; chairs broke themselves, books began to jump around, heads bumped together, every phonograph in town began to talk adjectives in the "superfluous" degree, a gun went off accidentally, and things got pretty generally mixed. I thought first the United States troops had been called out, but I found upon closer observation that it was simply a detachment of the Salvation army singing "glory to his name." I also thought that the stakes were up for a "bull pen" round the City Hall full of rioters; and what at first looked like a government proclamation for the suppression of "Anarchy" turned out to be a flaring "ad." of some enterprising business man on a board fence on a vacant lot in the vicinity—"rough on rats!"

Mayor Phelan ought to know what he is talking about, and he characterizes the police department of the city as a "nest of fraud and corruption for the past forty years."

Reader, the real "Anarchists" are those who hold the highest conceptions and ideals concerning human life, liberty and happiness; and they are disgusted with the bombardment, benevolent assimilation, expansion, exploitation, mangling, boodle, slander, hate, lust, murder and misery of "law and order," and of "protection of life and property" as we have it under political government today. A tree is known by its fruits. If the tree of politics were any good its fruit would be good. But we have today the legitimate fruit of a tree which is essentially and eternally corrupt. Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? W. E. NEVILL.

THE BEST GOVERNMENT ON EARTH.

Mr. Editor:—Several copies of your paper Free Society have come to my address. I don't see how they came to be sent, for I never solicited them; besides I am no Anarchist. Such literature makes people dissatisfied with themselves and their surroundings. Why any set of men should want to tear down the best government on earth, is beyond my comprehension. We have too many Anarchists right here in this little town than is good for the community. The men here can get work if they want to, which is more profitable than promulgating such ideas as you foster. This continued stirring up the populace makes me weary. YOUNG.

Olympia, Wash., Jan. 13, 1900.

COMMENT.

The above letter to the editor of Free Society has been handed to me for comment. I accept the honor but fear I cannot do the subject justice.

On page 305 of "The Wherefore Investigating Company" I find the following:—

"We have the best government in the world," called out some one in the rear of the house.

"No one has said that we have not, but how good is that?"

"Mr. Speaker, may I answer that?" said Morse.

"Certainly, sir."

Morse rose slowly to his feet and looked around with a comical air. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I

once bought a half dozen eggs. It was at a season of the year when we sometimes get—well, not very good ones. I broke one, it was very bad; another, it was not much better; still another, it was not eatable, and so on to the sixth and last. It was not rotten, but it would soon have become so for it had been set on for a week, but it was the best of the lot. And that's what's the matter with our government; it has been set on by European customs, European methods, European money powers, till it must hatch out a European chicken or become addled. Yes, it's the best government, of course it is, but that's just how good it is."

And let me say that it is the way of all governments. Each new one becomes more like the old the older they grow, in fact if not in power, and that, just as truly as acorns will produce oaks, or kittens grow to be like cats. It is the nature of the "beast."

The best government in the world! Several years ago I heard a story told of a poor sex slave who for years had been called upon for "marital duty" every night. She told the women who were with her at the birth of her last child that her husband had promised her he would henceforth call only every other night, and while thus exulting in the prospect of such partial relief she turned over, straightened out and ceased to breathe. The change that man promised to make is just about the measure of how much better our government is than some others. Governments and husband-ownership are on the same plane; both are destructive of human liberty.

If our "Young" friend thinks he can make people contented under existing conditions; if he thinks he can smother the love of freedom that is instinctive in the human breast; I am afraid he will get awful tired before he finishes his job. "Weary" will be no name for it. Self-government is the best and only government that will stand the shock of time and change and secure justice to all. The plea that the agitation of the question of freedom would make the chattel slave discontented did not save the institution, and all that such as the writer of the above can do will not save the system of wage slavery. It has to go. The question is not can men get work but shall they have free and equal right to all natural opportunities? Shall they be able to live without asking of some one the privilege of working? In other words, shall men be free or shall they be slaves? LOIS WATSON ROOKER.

LAW AND DISORDER.

The following five news items, taken from two daily papers, show the atrocities begotten of government. Such occurrences enable the press to fill its beastly bloated columns; but the blind—to all else but dollar-getting—editors do not realize the overwhelming indictment they thus daily publish against all and any, and every government.

"Applications for thirteen marriage certificates, and fourteen notices of divorce proceedings were made the same day."

Marriage laws were instituted for the sole purpose of protecting property. The idea of law protecting love or life is damphoolish. Love has no tariff—only two matters decide marriage: Love and Property. Government protects property by marriage laws, and thus creates both legal and illegal prostitution—the illegal being by far the more honorable, independent and free.

"Frankfort, the State capitol of Kentucky.—In the crowded lobby of the Capitol Hotel.—Three men killed, another will shortly die; two badly injured and one has a leg broken.—Battle the result of a feud between Volunteer officers, originating during the war."

The government's chief work, that on which most money and time is wasted and for which Labor is most seriously robbed, is that of educating and maintaining men in the arts of murder. The Frankfort tragedy and Volunteer Rosser's murder of innocent men here and again in New York, shows that the governmental seed, which is being sown broadcast, is likely to prove very rich in crops.

"Vicksburg, Miss.—Just after the opening of Justice Griffin's Court at Oak Ridge, shooting began, when the smoke cleared away, Rolland, Stevenson and Otho Austin lay on the floor dead: Dr. James Austin and a young son of Rolland were seriously wounded."

The interested parties in this case, of course, knew that sometimes judges and juries are purchased for dollars; anyway, law is not for justice, but for the largest purse and the fattest pocketbook. Americans might well copy the refined but caustic sarcasm of the French law courts, and like them erect a crucifix be-

hind the judge's seat, in sight of all, to emphasize the supreme miscarriage of justice in the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate. The litigants at Oak Ridge reasoned correctly in thinking they could settle their differences without judge or jury, and the fact that life is barely worth living on account of law, made them reckless as to their lives. This lesson the government is impressing on the nation every day at a fearful cost: to those who produce, and therefore pay all the war and other taxes, judges being one of the taxes.

"Collis P. Huntington and the Southern Pacific Railroad are grabbing all mineral lands in California. "President Ralston has called a meeting of the California Miners' Association at the Palace Hotel to take immediate steps in asserting and maintaining the miners' rights. Mr. Ralston has just returned from Washington and is alarmed to find what Uncle Collis is doing."

The California Miners' Association is an admirable voluntary society, doing good work, but doubtless most of the members would object to be designated Anarchists, not knowing the true meaning of the ideal term. Huntington is robbing the people of mineral lands which belong to the people, and he is doing this by aid of the government against the people. But why take the trouble to say, write, or print, "the government against the people"? That is what government is for,—just that and nothing else.

"Blood flows at a fight in the tax collector's office.—J. H. Scott forcibly takes Sheehan's stronghold with a small army of deputies.—Disgraceful fight of thugs in tax collector's office.—Battle for tax collector's office with clubs and pistols."

The office of a tax collector must be exceedingly rich in spoils for Scott and Sheehan and their two armies to risk their lives in fighting for its possession. Fourteen fellows thought they would like Scott as the head-robber of the department of civic government, and thirteen other fellows thought Sheehan should hold that lucrative office. The majority named is figurative and holds good even if the mayor appoints, for he holds his power from a majority. One will do the trick. Now, Judge Seawell decides that Scott cannot hold the office, because for the last five years he has not worn a long-sleeved silk hat, or because he has lived at a certain hotel for five years, or because he refused his porridge for breakfast five days in succession, or—some other jackass thing that the law says "he ought to have done, or ought not to have done and there is no health in him." (See "Church of England Prayer Book") "God Lord deliver us, Have mercy upon us, O Lord." Now it is generally agreed that the hat or hotel question would not materially affect Scott's character as a tax collector; perhaps the refusal of his porridge might. It is quite a serious matter what a man does or leaves undone at breakfast. But who said Scott was to be tax collector? Why, the fourteen fellows who want to be divorced, and the thirteen fellows who want to be married, think the other fellow should be head-robber in the tax office. Where does Judge Seawell come in with his power to decide the question? Why, of course, from the same fourteen fool voters that wanted Scott to be collector. This is not far fetched for majority rule (deny it who can), and it would be quite as reasonable for the fourteen who like divorce, to command the thirteen who like marriage, to be divorced—if majority rules.

KINGHORN-JONES.

Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once?—Thoreau.

For Chicago.

A grand ball will be given by the International Workingmen's Group for the benefit of the Jewish weekly, Freie Arbeiter-Stimme and Free Society, March 3, 8 p. m., at the Lessing's Club House, 447 W. Taylor St.

Admission 25 cents. Tickets can be secured from the undersigned.

All friends of our cause are cordially invited.

222 DeKoven St.

CHAS. KLEINMAN, Sec.

For San Francisco.

Sunday, Jan. 28, the revolutionary play, "The Weavers," will be produced at the Eintracht Hall, Cor. Folsom & 12th Sts.

After the performance dancing will complete the program.

251

The number printed on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

WHAT IS GOVERNMENT?

I read with some relish the zealous defense of government from the pen of Mr. Newell and, finding myself among the proscribed, should like to propound the following question and ask wherein the replies to the same can be reasonably rejected or intelligently contradicted.

What is government?

A threadbare superstition sustained by hypocrisy and fraud.

A fiendish restriction of human rights to the many, that the few may have superior advantages in life.

A pretense of something, with something all spanked out.

A game of hocus-pocus, where us gets poked.

A whirligig of chance, where it's heads they win and tails we lose.

An organization that denies its confessions and confesses its denials.

A school of prostitution that condemns its prostitutes.

A pair of Siamese twins, master and slave.

A thing that exists to rob and robs to exist.

A note of the past on a different meter. A dictionary of conflicting terms.

Will Mr. Newell kindly reply and correct my mistakes? L. S. OLIVER.

Maywood, Ill.

ON THE WING.

Free Society:—Being in Olympia, Wash., on a visit, I found a number of Anarchists in this little city who had received copies of your paper and were well satisfied with it. There were others who thought that such a paper ought to be suppressed. When you ask them the reason they say that it is at war with existing society; that we must have government to keep the social compact afloat. Just when and where that compact was formulated none of them seem to know, but they felt that they must be governed. The way some of them grumble about their taxes it, would seem that they are paying dearly for the experiment. It serves them right if they don't know any better. Those cattle will go on voting the republican and democratic tickets, not having sense enough to study the matter out so as to help right the wrongs from which they suffer and which increase the army of discontents.

PETER LARSEN.

PROF. HUXLEY ON ANARCHY.

Anarchy, as a term of political philosophy, must be taken only in its proper sense, which has nothing to do with disorder or crime, but denotes a state of society in which the rule of each individual by himself is the only government the legitimacy of which is recognized. In this sense, strict Anarchy may be the highest conceivable grade of perfection of social existence; for, if all men spontaneously did justice and loved mercy, it is plain that all swords might be advantageously turned into plow-shares, and the occupation of judges and police would be gone.—Prof. Huxley.

LITERATURE FOR PROPAGANDA.

Those comrades who are fond of good things, done up in small parcels, will do well to receive the new pamphlet by Wallace E. Nevill, 2929 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif. Price ten cents single copies, or five cents per copy in

quantities of a dozen or more. Subject matter of said pamphlet consists of argumentation concerning what the author calls "the Siamese twins of superstition"—namely, God and the State—and maintains that those who reject the authority of "supernatural" government, must, to be logical and consistent, repudiate the authority of "unnatural" government as we have it in political mechanism today.

The pamphlet "An Open Letter to the Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan," which can be had for the same price, is also a splendid booklet, especially for those who still cling to the idea that progress and better conditions can be achieved by the change of governments or political parties. A. I.

FOR FAINT HEARTS.

Chief Justice Marshall, in the year of his death, 1835, deplored the existence of chattel slavery, but considered it so firmly established that no good could be hoped for from agitation. About the same time Garrison commenced a vigorous agitation against slavery, without expectation of living to see its end. In 1856, Emerson said he did not expect to see the end of slavery, and in 1858, in heated debate, Lincoln ventured what seemed a wild prediction that inside of a hundred years slavery would be ended in this Union. We mention these incidents to cheer the faint hearts who fear that the country has finally fallen from its high mission of leading the world to liberty. It is a nation of "destiny," and will not fail.—The Star.

"L'HUMANITE NOUVELLE"

The December number of the "L'Humanite Nouvelle" publishes the concluding part of M. G. Lejeal's "Natural History of Jesus," of which the first installment has been so widely noticed, owing to its real originality; a new chapter of M. Jacobowski's social romance "Werter the Jeer," which has been so favorably reviewed in Germany and in several other countries; a very important essay of Melle Clemence royer on "Sonorous vibrations and tactile sensations" which is likely to open a new clue to certain philosophical notions; the concluding part of M. Vanden Borren's fine analysis of "the Evolution of landscape painting in Belgium"; a delicate Christmas Carol of charming ingenuity; an Essay on Plato's Time; "Body and Soul according to Plato," by Edmond Potier; an admirable piece of poetry, "Herodias to St. John Baptist's Head," by the well known litterateur, Albert Lantoin; an interesting article of M. Albert Fua on "the illegitimate sultan, Abdul-Hamid and Mourad V." M. Louis Ernault has written his habitual literary chronicle and MM. Elisee Reclus, G. de Greef, Elis Reclus, G. Sorel, Victor Dave, Paul Pourot, A. de Rudder, Judith Cladel, Marie Mali, C. Pages and many others have made the customary review of books and periodicals, one of the most appreciated features of "L'Humanite Nouvelle."

A CARD.

To whom it may concern: I expect in February, my seventy-fourth birth month, to commence the publication of a small monthly under the heading: "Clothed with the Sun," publication secured for one year. All those who believe that woman should occupy a higher place than man now occupies; and that she should be free, that she may lead him out of the sphere of force into the sphere of love; that she should demand

the conditions in which she can do this, are requested to send in their subscriptions. Terms: 30 cents a year, or four copies for \$1. If woman can be made to understand that nature has given into her keeping the highest power known, her mother heart will prompt her to learn how to use that power for the benefit of the race.

Those desiring to correspond with me in reference to the paper can do so by enclosing four cents to cover expense of reply.

Fraternally,

LOIS WALSBUROOKER.

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